

ANGELS FOR QANA

They're recruiting angels
with masks for devils
young boys too clean
to die
they're coming for you
in small towns and burned out cities
to burn out more cities
and burn their insides
AND WHERE DO YOU STOP

I want wings
and I have my reasons
I want to fly
What do you want
to kill them all and let
America sort it out
work by your silence
what you don't say
and when I speak
it is all of us speaking
of the crimes
against humanity
when I speak
who is listening

you are asking for angels
you are getting more devils
devils in the fits of passion
devils to fit the passion
tell me what you want
so we can take that too away from you

I want a jewel hidden in a box, hidden so far away from you that no one can find
my jewel in the box
I want to buy my freedom
to break the spell
to snap the curse
to get out of this shell

how much did the angels get in their pay this time
enough to buy more jewels for their silence
that is what you want
when you say you

I am pleading with you
even as you train your sites on me
tell me you want
so I can refuse you again
I want to live with the angles
of light in the morning
when they first touch you
pure
before darker shadows take over
and you take to the skies
my angels
and unleash your fury
WE DIDN'T DO THIS TO YOU
it's all a test of wills
to see what you will do to yourself
YOU CANNOT BE STOPPED
who is talking back
asking the angels to come again
I can hear you in the sky
as you echo like a ROAR in a tunnel
that is your fear
that I will know where you are
that you will know where you are
ECHO ECHO
HELLO HELLO
you need time to stop here
to get off the mill
you need time to STOP
that is what you want, isn't it
I'll stop if you stop
I'll stop trusting if you stop trusting
what other shells do you want
claims made unclaimed
you did this to yourself
and you can do it for yourself
and you can do this by yourself
don't cheat
don't look at someone else's work
there is no cooperation here
this is a test

HERE ARE MY ANSWERS
to YOUR questions
where are the young men
and the young women

and the children
they have left with the 3 bears
and now it is your house to make of what you will
that is the price that we have to pay
and you pay a price for looking
and for reading
and now I take it back AND
I take it out on you
ANGEL
it's my moon too
and I frame my entreaty
it is all part of my answer to the test question
where were you
when I called
when you were almost at the point of
saying yes
lie to me
and you lie to that part of yourself
that sends angels from on high
and makes devils
of their cries
it's a choice
not by chance
missed you again
this is your gift
Qana
back again
you are at it again
"You can't say YOU when it is you."
HE
has he given you your words back
as they ooze from the mouth
there is nothing solid here
and you spit it out before it burns the insides out
what do you mean
YOU
I've heard that complaint before
you can't die a thousand times
a thousand and one
a million
the more numbers that I write down
the more that it makes sense
the better that I do on the test
but when I ask an angel
to do me a favor

to answer my request
the angel can't make the time
I am in the way
of a clean shot
BANG
what am I answering
a letter that went unsent
a poem that went unwrit
a word that went unspoken
everything that was given and taken back
why do you protect the angels of death
give them new masks
new places to hide
new propaganda
new props
you let them move without strings
no strings attached
and when you pull the strings
NOTHING
happens
you can stop now
you and you
writing makes no difference
writing about it makes no difference
words about it make no difference
they are not really screaming
breathing about it makes no difference
breathing makes no difference
no difference
their breathing and my breathing
my breathing and your breathing
one breath too many
it's part of his plan
to stop them breathing
STOP
giving time to let nothing happen
time to bury the dead
this is not a cease fire
there is not a hole big enough
to bury the dead
what have you done
you can't even remember how it started
the pay offs for your silence
what will it take to shake you up
to bomb your apartment house

when will you stop your cries
when the angels have kissed you on the lips
innumerable angels
and innumerable lips
but we will start somewhere
Qana
Hiroshima
what do you call ZERO
you didn't know what it meant
until they took your hand and wrote it in place
and NOW
you can turn them into ZERO
no loss
no gain
don't cry over spilt milk
or over all that spilt mil
but this ZERO
got it stared last time
do you know what he wrote
about Qana
what he said the first time
is this your first time
the kiss of death
such a kick
to get so close to the action and be able to walk away
roll away
roll around
ZERO ZERO
QANA QANA
ANA
ANGEL
ANGLE
AGENT
OF
ANGELS
we have heard on high
this is my body
and this is my other
body
and my hand hurts and it is my offending hand
I will cut it off
or you can do it for me
the accident
the angel made a mistake
used the wrong map

went up instead of coming down
I want to know what you are hiding
where you are hiding
before you come down again
like a stone
I am answering the call to angels
the call to angles
all over America
in small towns and burned-out cities
burning out their insides
they answer the call
the call
the response
WE WANT YOU
except
the rejects
those deformed by the last call
we got to you last time
when you failed the test
could get started
didn't want to learn the lesson
create the lesson
it's not a choice
it's a creature
a creation
it's a creation
I made it inside my head
and now it walks around you
I MADE IT
where
INSIDE MY HEAD
the calls goes out
to the burned out insides
we get burned out outsides
outside the head
get a mask
a magazine
new ways to say the same thing
angels we have heard on high
giving us a brand new alibi
we did it to the insides
it looks great on the out
isn't happening to the out
what do you want me to do
call me

write me
put everything aside for me
give me the gift that keeps on giving
the investment in myself
a fashion magazine
come out of your hiding places
so we can take your pictures
you have nothing to be afraid of
you just got angry over
NOTHING
it was our mistake
we are sorry
we won't do it again
but what really happened to the angels
your mistake was not burning the bodies
evaporating the traces
it never happened
there are no traces
no evidence
but for those
who you left behind
still crying
how can you make it stop
there are some new angels in small towns and burned-out cities
waiting for rescue
waiting to be called up
willing to volunteer
an eye for an eye
two eyes for an eye
all eyes on deck
swing away
here it comes
here it comes
here it comes
why is the cloud made like a mushroom
that's how he made it
not a choice
a creation
no one made it happen
no one has to answer for what happened
there is a difference
a calling that didn't go unanswered
and you are reading it
now
from Qana

before it got bombed out
it says
we wanted to die
please take us away
come angels
work your angles
we are calling
we are screaming
please come
come save us
destroy us to save us
and destroy us some more
it is the spirit
always more numbers in the spirit
counting in decay
don't show the bodies
don't show the body
the naked bodies
the bones
the clothes burned away in the blast
the heat
hold on
your answer is almost here
listen to the sirens
it is coming closer.